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The Echo

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The Echo

BOB BROOK'S TEAM.

(This story began in issue No. 6.)

The great Captain Porter refereed the game and another Princeton man umpired it. A big crowd had collected to see the match; all the boys from far and near were there, shouting and cheering in most discordant tones.

The Hillside mothers and fathers were all there, while half the college seemed to have come down with the Princeton boys, and, resplendent in orange and black, kept up a continual cheering which was nicely calculated to "rattle" our plucky Hillside eleven.

See how prettily little Tommy Clark, the quarter back, has tacked that big Tiger! Down they go, with half the team on top. Another scrimage. Well blocked, boys! Third down. Look out, backs! There it goes! And with a whoop and yell the Tigers are tearing down the field after it; but Bobby is cool, catches it squarely, and darts off, in and out, squirming and dubling, warding off, and butting over, past the rush line, past the backs. "Hurrah! hurrah!

Keeners from 'way back! Ha! ha! ha!" At last, after a glorious run of fifty yards, he is tackled by the full back, and thrown breathless on his face, while the Princeton team formed a pyramid on top.

Jack is hobbling about, with a smile that stretches from ear to ear. The scrubs are wild with delight.

"Line up!" says Bob, crawling out from under the heap.

"Now, look sharp, fellows!" and the scrimmage begins.

"That means the V trick," says Mrs. Brooks to her husband.

"The V trick," whispered one scrub to another.

And a very pretty trick it was too. Tommy handed the ball to Dick, who darted through the funnel-shaped opening the rush like made, gaining almost twenty yards before he was "downed."

The Princeton men and boys behind the ropes begin to shake their heads "Thats fine!" they said. "Awfully pretty teamwork Look how broken-up our fellows are getting!" And, sure enough a first "touch-down" is made inside of fifteen minutes, from which Bobby kicks a beautiful goal.

"' Rah! 'rah! 'rah! 'rah! 'rah! Keeners from 'way back. Ha! ha! ha! Hillside!" echoed on all sides.

My how the little fellows swaggered, and what proud confidence beamed from Bobby's blue eyes!

But we must not crow too soon; victory does not always stay with the first goal. The Tigers are bracing up, and rushing our boys down the field at a quick pace. Down they go in a confused mass of arms and legs, not to speak of heads. Up they struggle form in line, and off again, the Tigers gaining every time. Jack looks anxious. Louis grins.

See that big fellow break through the rush line. Tackle him, Benny! He misses; so do Dick and Fred, and dashing past Bob, the Tiger scores the first touch-down for Princeton; but the goal is missed.

"Mr. Umpire," pipes a shrill voice, "this fat fellow's sluggin'

me!"

Poor little Ed Johnson has a hundred-pounder opposite [all Tigers are large for their age], who amuses himself by beating a cheerful tattoo upon Ed's head; but the umpire wasn't looking," and the fat boy continues to "slug."

The teams are getting excited. There is frantic rushing up and down the field. Five free fights are going on at once. Tommy has rushed to his mother, bawling, with a bleeding nose. Bob entreats and commands to no purpose; the team is getting demoralized. Jack groans in despair. Another touch down for Princeton, and a goal from the field, and the score is fifteen to six at the end of the first half.

The Tigers strut around, with victory stamped upon their brows while "our men" put on their small "sweaters" with the most dejected air.

"Cheer up, Bobby!" whispers Jack. "If you boys once get discouraged, all is lost."

"If they only wouldn't fight," says Bob, dolefull "and would listen to the signs.

So Jack rubs them down with a hot lecture, while "Tiger! siss! boom! ah!" comes from the other side in joyful tones, and Louis pats his team on the back with pride and confidence.

"Keep it up, boys—keep it up! You have the game, sure."

The second half commeces, and Hillside has the ball. Frank has taken Ed's place, and the fat boy finds he cannot fool with him.

They play more carefully, while Bob gives the signs like a little General, and after several brilliant dashes, Dick kicks the most unexpected goal from the field, and the whole team cheers up.

Princeton tries to forget it though now; there are fighting and scrambling and bloody noses, but no touch-down. Then, as a last resource, they kick it, and a sails over toward Bob, while Jack watches in breathless suspense. He has missed it—alas! alas!—and the Tigers are down upon him like the "wolf on the fold."

the ball is theirs If they can only get it through! My! how they push and pant and struggle! but Billy Buckley and the guards block every attempt. At the third down they are forced to kick. No goal, and Hillside's ball.

Backward and forward it goes now for half an hour, while the excitement behind the ropes becomes more intense, and bursts of frantic cheering encourage the teams. "Hold!" and "Tackle him," and "Fall on the ball!" are heard again, and the score rolls slowly up, alas! still in Princeton's favor. Twenty-eight to thirty, and only fifteen minutes left to play. Hillside's ball. They have forced it within twenty yards of the goal line, but as the minutes fly Bob's hopes sink lower and lower. They work like Trojans, but Princeton, feeling victory within her grasp, blocks every trick.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Mints and Money.

There are four mints in the United States, the chief one being in Philadelphia, the other three respectively in San Francisco, Carson City and New Orleans. Coins struck at the Philadelphia Mint do not bear any distinguishing mark. On coins struck at San Francisco there is the letter "S;" at Carson City, "C.C.," and at New Orleans the letter "O."

Attempts have been made to produce spider silk, but have failed, the ferocious nature of these insects not permitting them to live together in communities.

One of the chief men in a Mohammedan caravan is the cat sheik, or "Father of Cats," who rides a camel carrying dozens of baskets filled with cats of all ages, sizes and coloos.

An old English custom is to utilize peacocks to arouse guests in the morning.

PRESS NOTES.

The meeting of the A. P. C. S. F. was held at the office of THE BEE. THE FUN sent in their resignation which was gladly accepted.

The following exchanges have been received THE LILLIPUTIAN, BEE, and NEWSBOY.

After a number of weeks vacation the LILLIPUTIAN again appeared before the public in its usual neat way, but with eight pages instead of six. It contained a very good article about the defacement of the American Flag.

We acknowledge the receipt of the August number of the NEWSBOY, by mentioning it as one of our best exchanges.

The BEE was received with great pleasure at this office. Master Rene Faucompre deserves credit for this neat little paper.

Needed an Invitation.

"Why isn't something done to save that ship in distress?" cried an excited lady on the beach.

"We have sent the crew a line to come ashore, mum," said the life-saver hurriedly.

Of all things! Were they waiting for a formal invitation?"

A circus manager was asked how his great show could be moved so quickly and easily. "Why," said he, "you see every elephant has a trunk, the kangaroos all carry pouches, and the bears have grips."

"Do you expect to get a prize at Commencement, Frank?"

"No, sir, not unless all the other boys in the class stay away that day."

With the Wits.

"Sure" said Bridget, "I can get work from me ould mistress; I've lost her address intirely but I've only to write to her to find it out!"

It is not true, as suggested by Washington Post, that firemen use rubber hose in order to keep their feet dry.

To prevent trousers from bagging at the knees, always get up and give the lady your seat.

"We have a creature at our house that has four legs and only one foot" said a salesman; and nobody believed him until he explained that it was a bedstead.

There is a little public house
That every one can close.
And that's the little public house
That's just beneath your nose.

"Don't you know how to do it dear?" asked a young husband, as they gazed solemnly at the turkey. "Yes" said she "it's all quite clear but it says 'First clean your turkey' and I was wondering whether one should use toilet or regular scouring soap."

A poor fellow who had failed at one thing and an another at last took up the proffession of marine diving. It was perilous, he knew, but, as he expressed it, he "had to do something to keep his head above water."

"Do you want some nice pork, Sir?" said a butcher to an Irishman, who was intently regarding a side of a hog which hung outside the door.

"No, sorr! Oi was only wonderin' whin ye was goin' to kill the other half o' that pig.

If the keeper of a jail is a jailer, why isn't the keeper of a prison a prisoner?

A German count—Einz, swei, drei.

The man with push—the fellow who runs the lawn mower.

The worst of all "isms" is the rheumatism.

The cow sets us an admirable example—she never blows her own horn.

Conductor: "Fare."
Passenger (looking out of the window): "No, it's raining."

One certain way to hear a pin drop is to heat it red-hot and drop into a keg of gunpowder.

—How geese and ladies differ
You easily may guess;
Ladies are often dressed to kill,
While geese are killed to dress.

Mrs. Figg: "Where is the custard I put away this noon?"
Tommy: "I—I guess it vanished into the empty heir.

"What can you tell me about Tyre?" asked the teacher of the class.
"Mine's a pneumatic," piped a small boy who owned a bicycle and the teacher collapsed.

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